WHITE POWER REPORT

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Hero of the White Race:
Commander George Lincoln Rockwell 1918 – 1967

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION

VOL. 1 – NO. 8 MAY 1977

THE WHITE POWER HYMN

by Eric Thomson Music: The Horst Wessel Lied

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White Man unite, unite to save your nation
America, for which we fought and toiled
Our racial enemies swarm 'round us in elation
The snake of Zion has us in its coils.

The White Man has the right to his own Nation
On this his land, his Banner stands unfurled
He will not give it up to Jewish speculation
He will not see it into darkness hurled.

The Day's at hand, the Day of Liberation
For the White Man, the Leader of the World
To cut the golden chains of alien domination
The Swastika becomes our mighty sword.

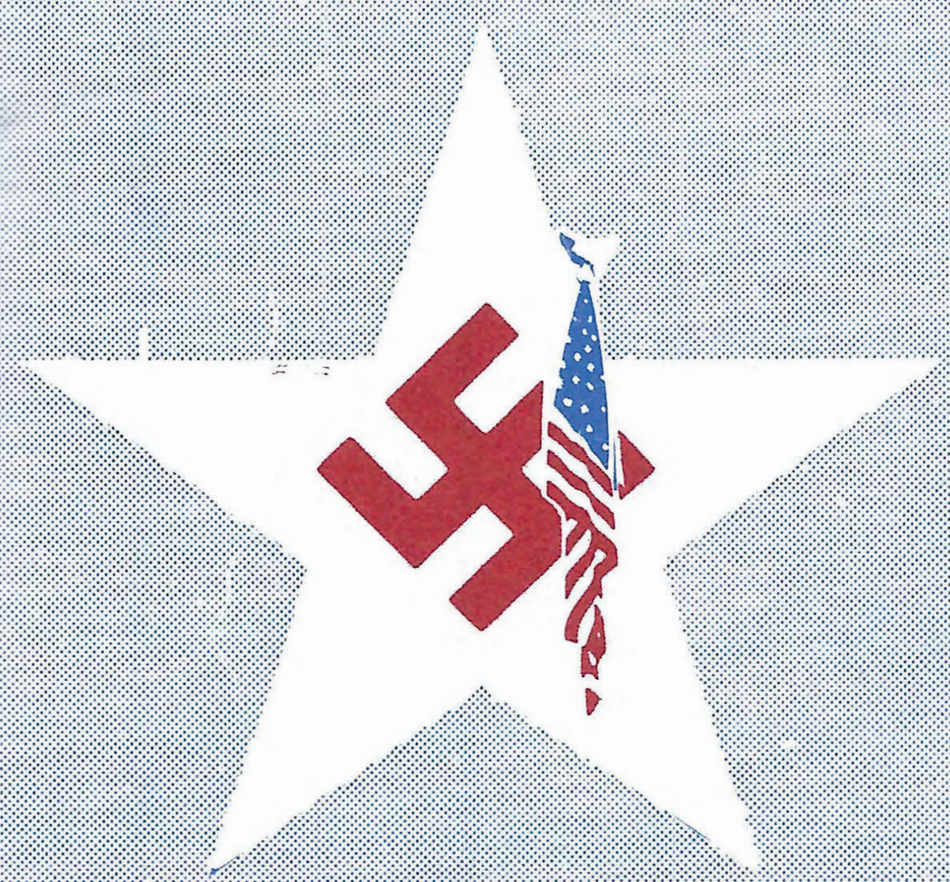
Our Race commands we join this great formation
No man can face his enemies alone
When White tribes forge themselves into a single Nation
We'll have the might to protect our dear homes.

The White Man stands confused upon the hour
Until he sees the Banner we've unfurled
Now he knows Victory's the Future of White Power
We march with our White comrades 'round the world.

The White Man's Race is truly his great Nation
With White Power he comes into his own
No more victim of artificial separation
Whole continents he now can call his own.

OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

WHITE POWER REPORT



OUR RACE IS OUR NATION!

". . . and there are 5,999,999 others like me!"

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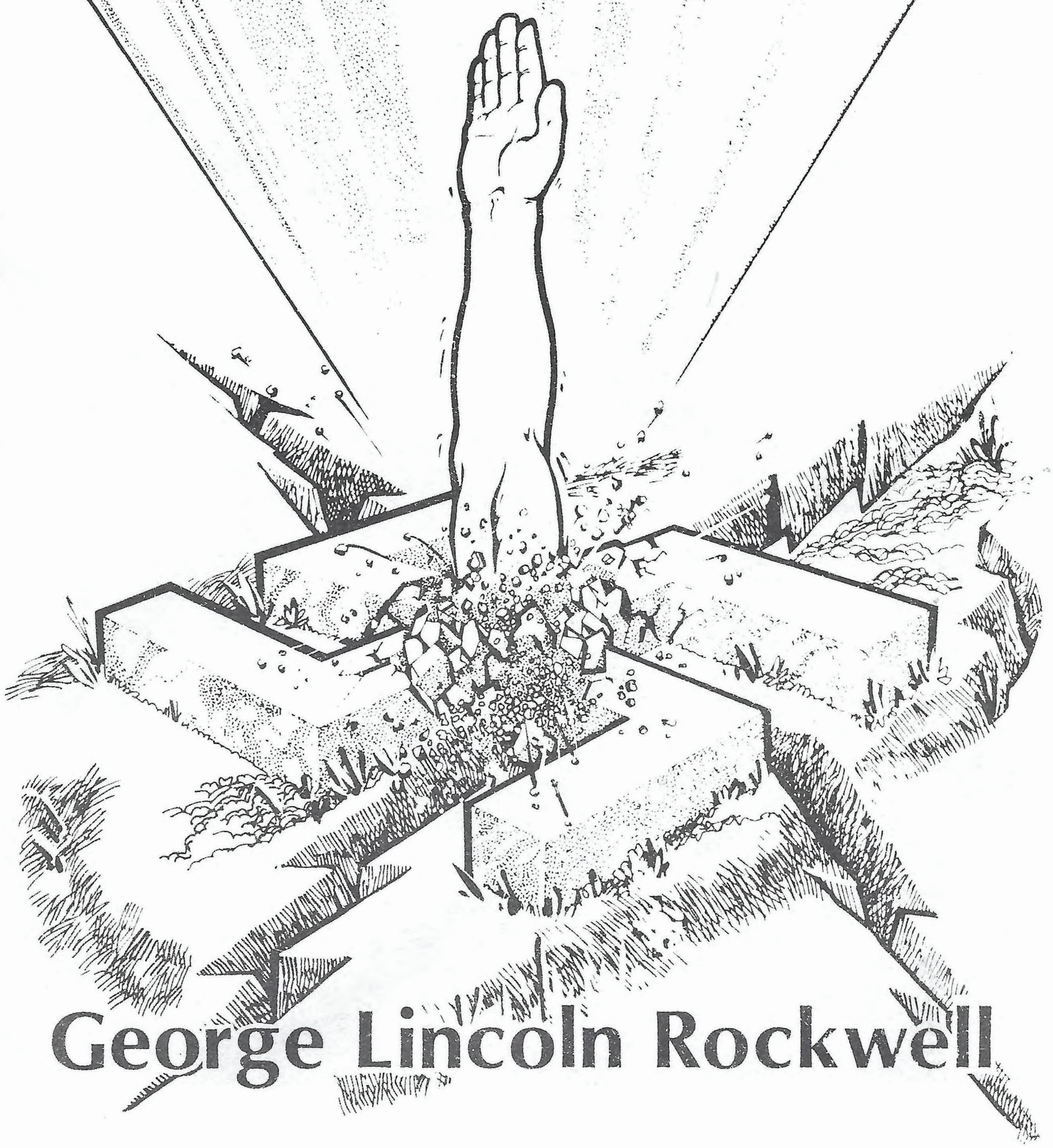


George Lincoln Rockwell

GEORGE LINCOLN ROCKWELL

(Taken in Iceland while Commander Rockwell was commanding a Navy Squadron.)

DEDICATION

TO: ADOLF HITLER!

Like spiritual giants before you — you were cursed and driven to death by spiritual pygmies for daring to stand up for a new and vital truth. Your heroic people lie silent, bound in golden chains and torn between the two criminal gangs of Bolsheviks and Zionists.

I helped to bomb and burn millions of your brave young men. Your blue-eyed young mothers were raped and murdered by Soviet and Negro savages. The millions of little blond boys and girls you loved so well lie moldering in acres of devastation and ruin.

Millions of my fellow Americans, British, French and others of our racial comrades, all as ignorant as I once was, were slaughtered and maimed fighting for these same two filthy gangs of Zionists and Bolsheviks.

The Weltfeind cringes like the Devil at the sign of the cross. Your mighty spirit has inspired millions with the Holy Truth. From all over the earth, faintly at first, comes the sound of marching boots — louder and louder they grow! Listen! They are singing!

"Die Fahne Hoch! Die Reihen fest geschlossen!"

Out of the mud and slime of lies, your holy red, white and black Swastika has been flung back into the skies in Virginia, United States of America, and we pledge you our lives, Adolf Hitler, that we shall not flag or fail until we have utterly destroyed the forces of Marxism and darkness.

HEIL HITLER!

PREFACE

When one becomes as controversial as Lincoln Rockwell, writing an autobiographical book presents monumental problems which do not confront most other writers. I have already experienced a major assault on my liberty when several multi-million dollar Jewish organizations combined to dig up material as far back as my college days at Brown University in 1938, and got me committed to an insane asylum "for observation". They fondly hoped and gleefully told each other in the Jewish press that I would be permanently locked up as a lunatic. By demonstrating not only my sanity, but the rationality of my actions and ideas, I succeeded in winning over even a Jewish psychiatrist, along with many others, and in being released in only ten days, although I was ordered to the observation lock-up by the Court for thirty days!

But I am not so naive that I imagine that will be the end of the matter. The same groups still have their millions and their hate-crazed fanatics who cannot answer or stop my arguments and ideas, and who must therefore stop me personally, or else be exposed and driven out for the villains they are.

They will seize on this book like starved vultures and comb it for new evidence of the insanity they must prove against me or stand convicted themselves.

Under these circumstances, it is frightening to think what they can or will try to do with the honest little confessions of human foibles and mistakes which I believe are due from an autobiographer to his readers, if the work is not to be a disgusting piece of self-adulation. I am also aware that the revelation of intimate and sometimes less-than-heroic acts of foolishness or even wickedness — acts committed by ANY human being, but usually glossed over and hidden — will make it more difficult later on to establish the political legend about my person which will be necessary to provide the White Race with the strong leadership it must have if White Western Civilization is to survive.

This conscious building of a masterful father-image capable of leadership has always been vital to the masses of common people here and everywhere else.

Nevertheless, in spite of the probable use of my candid honesty by my enemies to make another attempt on my sanity, and in spite of the threat to my dignity as a national leader, I intend to reveal even somewhat embarrassing episodes in my personal history which I believe are genuinely revelatory of my

own nature as it shaped and was shaped by the people and events teeming around me in a chaotic world.

This book is directed more to the intellectual circles, presently drowning in oceans of Marxism which have inundated all our colleges and universities, than it is to the masses of common people, for whom the knowledge that I am an exponent of gas chambers for Jewish (and all other) Communist traitors is sufficient understanding of my philosophy. I do not overly concern myself, therefore, with the probable exploitation of my self-revealed foibles and weaknesses, because my enemies are already having a field day lying about me with far more virtuosity than they could display if they confined themselves to what I write here. The masses will not — cannot — read this book. In spite of their mental set, the intellectuals will understand it and, perhaps, admit its sincerity and cogency. I have therefore included these 'juicy' items in this first edition and will see that they disappear from view as I reach a wider circle.

But this work has another formidable difficulty because of my current notoriety as the wild and wooly monster of politics.

Every name I mention, for good or evil, with praise or with curses, becomes a target for enormous forces of which the average man knows little or nothing. The Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, with an annual budget of six million dollars to 'protect' the Jews from attacks and to destroy 'Anti-Semites', will latch onto this volume with sharpened claws and tear it apart, word by word, searching for every weak point at which I, or those who are or were connected with me can be reached, pumped or attacked.

For the cost of one volume, they will get what it would take years for their paid agents to search out of dusty files, and they will get the facts herein from me which they could never get in any other way at all. The book will thus boomerang on me, not only as material to railroad me for another possible trip to the booby hatch, but as material for all sorts of painful personal attacks on myself and the people I love: my family, friends, associates and Party Comrades.

But again, this must be. It is a calculated risk — just as all my other activity has been. I was aware of the possibilities when I hung up the Swastika, but did it nevertheless, as I calculated the gains would outweigh the agony and inevitable losses — which they have done most satisfyingly. The unmistakeable honesty and sincerity of this volume will, I expect, win me the virile young intellectuals I now need. And that sincerity would be

impossible, were I to hide all my weaknesses or mistakes and glorify my successes.

Finally, it is utterly impossible to write the book without hurting people I love — my family. So far in my political career, I have protected them from the kind of unfair attacks I must suffer to the best of my ability. I had no right to jeopardize them so long as my career was such an impossible and wild gamble. It is still a gamble — but no longer wild or impossible. It is now, regardless of what wishful thinkers or the ignorant may howl, quite probable that I will achieve leadership as President of the United States in 1973, exactly as I have achieved, step-by-step, the other goals in my plans, either on time, or ahead of time. The publication of this book, in spite of the multi-million dollar forces which have been deployed against me and the book, is just one example of this predicted and enforced progress.

It is therefore inevitable that my relatives will sooner or later be exposed to the publicity and vicious attacks which are the only answer of the Jews and Communists to our logic and arguments. My relatives, my children and those who have been close to me are inescapably a part of my life, and I had rather present them to the public truthfully and with love, than have them splashed and smeared across the pages of scandal magazines.

To my family, which I am sure cannot yet understand me or my activities any more than most of the rest of the people, I can only say that I have done my best to write the book as it MUST be written for a cause I hold more dear than my own life, and yet spare the good people who had such a large share in making me whatever it is I am now and will be later. After three years of desperate battling for an idea and goal I believe is of paramount importance to the survival of humanity, and after two years of fighting, I believe I am not making an empty boast when I say that I will one day soon amply repay my family for whatever they are made to suffer because of persecution from those hypocrites who hate me and this book, but pretend to be lovers of intellectual freedom.

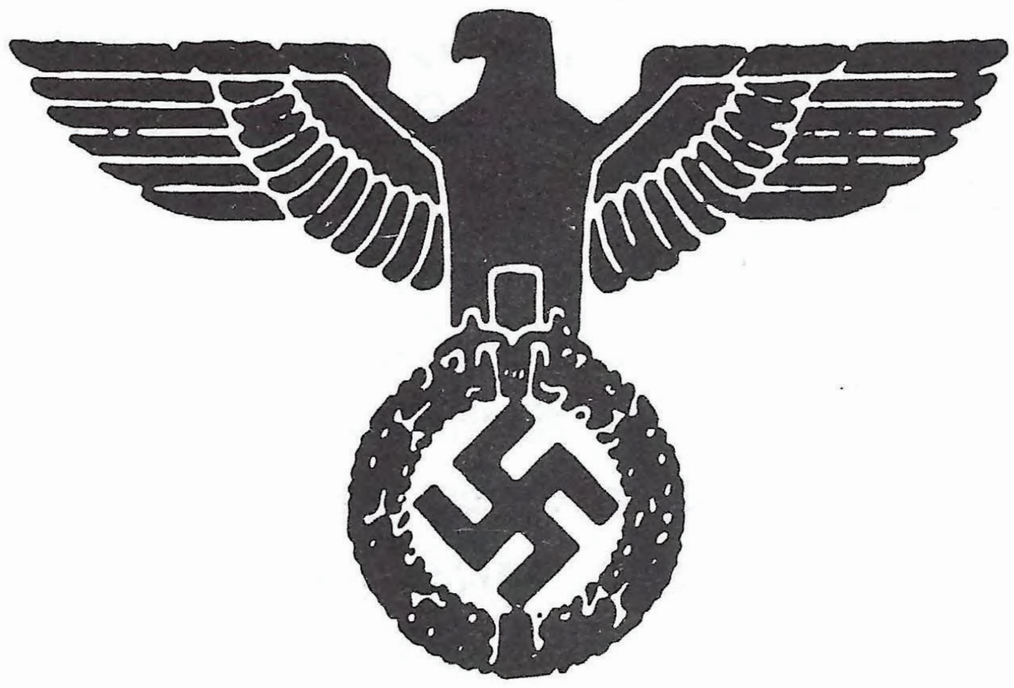
I also owe the reader a word of explanation as to my attitude toward myself.

I believe that modesty is either a virtue made utterly necessary by the fact that the possessor is indeed of only modest mental stature, or else it is disgusting hypocrisy of the most revolting kind. A truly superior mind, which can apprehend the mightiest facts and ideas in the universe — facts

which are unthinkable to the millions and billions of human beings, can surely perceive its own relationship to those depressing billions of empty heads. Such a great mind can surely realize its own altitude with regard to the worm—like minds which squirm and crawl by the billions in the mud of life. And when such a mind becomes thoroughly aware of the gift which Nature has bestowed upon it, it is an act of gross dishonor to make a mealy-mouthed pretense to be "just one of the stupid herd" in order to curry favor with the army of idiots, and be able to lower one's eyes "modestly", while the forces of organized boobery extoll one's genius. It is not necessary, to be sure, to go about boasting and whooping about one's gifts, but, when one has discovered and proved masterful superiority in his chosen field, I believe it is proper and honorable to be proud and conscious of that superiority, exactly as our Viking forebears were not ashamed to stand manfully forth with tales of their own prowess and courage in battle.

In exactly that sense, then, I am prepared to set forth my story, the good with the bad. I am neither afraid to admit my mistakes, nor am I afraid to lay claim to my own genius. What the world may be not yet ready to admit, I will wring from it by simple demonstration — in combat.

Lincoln Rockwell, Commander
American Nazi Party of the
World Union of National Socialists



this time the world

by

George Lincoln Rockwell

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CHAPTER I

At first we thought the riot had been called off. It was a hot, Sunday afternoon, July third, 1960.

The week before, June 26th, the Director of the National Capital Parks of the Department of the Interior had called me and sent me, by special messenger, an official letter of urgent warning. He told us that the Department had so much information of violence and riots planned against us that he was "not sure" he could protect us with his police force. He suggested that we give up speaking or move out of town. When I firmly but respectfully refused, he asked me to withdraw the Troopers I had been keeping in the crowd to heckle the hecklers to keep the crowd from cohering into a riotous and dangerous mob.

We, too, had been receiving more than the usual amount of filthy telephoned threats that this time they would "beat the ---- out of us", etc. I had therefore painted a huge sign for our speaking stand warning the crowd that "certain" groups were planning to riot in order to put an end to our speaking. I had complied with the police request that we pull our Troopers out of the crowd — as we always obey all reasonable police requests.

But there had been no riot on the twenty-sixth. We had twenty-five of our men on hand, all behind the roped enclosure, and were more than ready for them if they burst through the ropes at us, no matter how many they were, or how tough.

They came to this rally, all right! Let no one say that the Jews are a race of nothing but sickly money-lenders and feeble clerks. There were two or three hundred big, husky, mean-looking Jews who screamed curses and milled around. Some spit at us, but they did not attack. For almost two hours I managed to outshout their heckling and completed my speech by sheer force of will and power of voice.

This week of July third, we felt the worst danger was over. We had faced their mob of hoods and bullies the week before and had left the field victorious. It seemed doubtful they would try again so soon.

The rolling mall between the U.S. Capitol and the Washington Monument was warm and brilliantly green in the hot July sunshine as our convoy of cars and trucks drove up with our Troops and equipment. The police were there in force, with their mounted men hidden behind the building, as usual; the police dogs locked in their special little van and their squad cars and patrol wagons lined up beside the Smithsonian

Museum. But only a few dozen people were in front of our roped-off speaking enclosure.

I sat down under a tree to one side and watched as my lads unloaded the heavy stand from the convoy, set it up and attached the bunting and banners. A few of our fans came over and talked with me or offered me cold drinks. Everything seemed peaceful. In fact, it was too peaceful. Major Morgan, my Deputy Commander, on whom I depended as an experienced and utterly capable Storm Leader, had asked for the day off and had even come down to the scene in civvies with his pregnant wife to enjoy, for once, the ease of a spectator. Only eleven of our men had been able to show up at this rally, after the all-out effort of the week before.

But now, I could sense something different, something wrong. As the crowd began to gather, the police did a strange thing: they all but disappeared! They retreated over a hundred yards beyond the crowd and there were only one or two uniformed men anywhere within operating distance of the enclosure!

I mounted the platform when the boys were ready. Then I knew what was going on. Like a horde of locusts, almost in military formation, over two hundred of last week's burly Jew hoodlums and toughs swarmed around our stand and began an obviously organized chant of "Sick! Sick! Sick!". This was not too surprising, but what happened next was horrifying. The Jews began to push and hang over the ropes and swing at our men, and the police retreated even farther away with folded arms!

When I say it was horrifying, I do not mean that what the Jews were doing was horrifying. We expected them to try to kill us, if they thought they could and we were prepared to teach them the error of this method. But it must be remembered that to survive, we have to bend over backward to be legal. The minute the Jews can show that we have violated the law or even appear to have violated the law, they can bring more than enough pressure to have us stowed away and silenced. We must depend on the police to uphold the law, since we are forbidden to defend ourselves even fairly, by violence, much as we sometimes ache to do.

When the police suddenly 'couldn't see' the most gross attacks on us, we knew that an honest police department had finally succumbed to intolerable Jewish pressure, and we were in for whatever the Jews could work up their courage to do. For over an hour and a half, I managed to hold the howling, spitting

mob by arrogance and psychologically-calculated disdain for their overwhelming numbers. To say that we were not afraid would be untruthful, for we were only eleven and they were over two hundred and fifty, plus the fact that our whole future, all our struggles and sacrifices for over two years were lying in the balance. It was obvious that they were determined to have their riot this day and then claim that we had to be suppressed for 'causing' such disorder. Nevertheless, it took those Jews over an hour and a half to work up the courage to rush us and even then, they thinned our number first by having one big Trooper called out by falsely telling military police he was a Marine, thus reducing our number to ten.

In they rushed, like an avalanche of wild beasts, screaming and howling for my guts! The stand flew over as the Jews struck and I landed in a struggling mass of fighting men. Two yelling Jews grabbed me. One of my men, already down and fighting desperately, grabbed his feet and he went down. But the other Jew aimed a blow at my groin. I hit him in the head and, as he fell, another Trooper tackled him. How my boys pitched in! But the Jew still went for the same attack on me. This time, I replied in kind and gave that Jew a dose of his own medicine!

The fight lasted for only four or five minutes, after which the police rushed in from where they had been hiding and broke it up. Major Morgan was choked unconscious, was bleeding profusely and had his right knee permanently damaged by a number of kicks he received when he was under a pile of seven or eight Jews. Lieutenant Warner, National Secretary of the Party at the time, had the top of his left ear bitten almost off and all of us were cut and bruised. We later discovered that one of the large men who had recently joined us and loudly boasted how he would fight — Fred Hockett, by name — had run out of the ring in terror when the fight began, so that we had only *nine* men there to fight that murderous mob.

And we showed the Jews the caliber of those nine men when the police broke up the fight — for we immediately set up our stand and were prepared to speak. I mounted the platform again, broken and wrecked as it was, and would have spoken, but police called me down and I was arrested for "disorderly conduct". For the first time in my life, I found myself dragged off to jail, and as I sat in a cell awaiting bail, it was impossible not to think back on the chain of circumstances which had placed me here in the ugly, urine-smelling cellblock of the First Precinct of Washington, D.C.

How does an American who fought the Nazis in World War

II, who has a college education and is utterly dedicated to his country, wind up in jail after being attacked by a mob of Jews? How does a man who was looked upon for years as just a 'good guy', become a fanatical *Nazi* who stands up in public and advocates gas chambers for Jewish or any other kinds of traitors — and admits he estimates about 80% of adult Jews will be found guilty of treason and have to be gassed? Why me? How had events turned me into such a one, but few or none of my fellows? Was I indeed 'nuts' and 'sick' as the Jews so feverishly insist?

That I was somehow different from most of my fellows seemed obvious, but how? Was I really a moral snake full of pathological hate, as charged by the 'normal' Jews or could I lay a valid claim to the apparently inevitable persecution of every advanced idea and of every truly great man Nature has produced in thousands of years. Why had I gone down to that mall to speak, knowing I might be killed or injured or arrested, knowing I would gain no money or even praise, except from a tiny few of my fellow 'oddballs'? Was my brother right when he charged that I would not do these things if I had a fine home and a yacht? Was I one of the disgusting dead-end fanatics I had seen in parks, shouting eternally some *idee fixe* through whiskers stained with tobacco juice, at more of the same pitiful creatures impatiently waiting only their turn to fulminate on nothing? Was I compensating for some unknown traumatic experience as a kid, as the Freudians would have it?

Sitting alone in the nasty little cell, I thought back over my life and tried to discover a pattern, some clue to my motivation in going down to that mall to speak for what seemed a lost cause and in the face of what seemed the violent opposition of the whole world.

I remembered an experience in 1928, when I was ten, in Ventnor, New Jersey, just south of Atlantic City, where I was living with my mother and her sister. A gang of kid toughs my brother and I called "the bums" came to throw me into the ocean for a cold dunking — a treatment which the boys often received as 'new kids' in the school. I remembered being counselled by a few of the more friendly boys to "relax" and be thrown in and get it over with. It was "impossible," they said, to resist, since half the school was in on the fun and nobody ever took the part of the chosen victim. But the thought of calmly letting anybody or any number of people do violence to me and *force* me into something roused a nameless counter

force in me. It was not just temper, because I remember being scared to death and later on, crying. But, since they had told me it was "impossible" to resist, I was determined to resist with all my might — and that is what I did.

After the experiences of two wars, I still remember that battle on the deserted beach in Ventnor. I flung about me with my arms and legs wildly and with a superhuman strength which I am sure surprised the 'bums' and, though there were at least twenty or thirty of them, those who could get near enough to get a hold of me received some blows and wounds which I am sure must have hurt. I bit, clawed, kicked, tore and pulled hair. I used any tactic I could, without thinking and fought like a mad man. I can still remember the 'bums' generals' cursing at their 'troops': "Hold his leg! Get his neck! Look out! @†&%**! Watch out for that arm!" etc. I can also remember vividly the satisfying feeling of the flesh in my teeth as my jaws closed on the arm of one who was attempting to choke me into submission and his even more satisfying howl of pain. Then I remembered getting some kicks and being dropped on the beach and lying in the sand, crying and exhausted. But I did *not* get thrown in the surf by the 'bums'. I remembered, with some shame, going to school the next day and getting beaten in a regular fist fight with one of the toughs, who still smarted from the defeat on the beach. I ran home crying.

I considered the two episodes and, for the first time since those occurrences, more than thirty years ago, wondered why I had managed to fight *all* those kids and win — and then get beaten by just one of them the next day. My answer was, I believe, the key to everything I have ever done in my life.

I have little interest in the ordinary, the usual, and above all, what is considered by the world 'possible'. But when I am faced with an enormous challenge, I become not only deeply interested, but my strength seems to increase beyond my own powers. I have in every such case prevailed over the supposedly 'impossible'. I am often lazy and shiftless in the ordinary affairs of life which demand no special will or intelligence. My relatives and wives will amply attest this miserable character which produces the utmost personal discomfort in daily living, not only for me, but for those who must live with me.

I found it was extremely easy in school for me to outwit and cozen my teachers, so that I could get by with almost no work. I simply could not get interested in subjects and activities which did not offer me a direct challenge, a dare. I therefore coasted

along on as little work as would keep me out of too great a conflict with the forces which ordinarily press boys to succeed in school and devoted all my energies solely to trying to exceed the limits of what my masters said were the 'possibilities'. In algebra, I worked for many, many hours trying to find a way to solve a single equation with two unknowns. Needless to say, I failed. But in geometry, they told me that if two triangles had a side and two angles the same, they were congruent — and I proved to the teacher that this was not always the case. I enjoyed a deep gratification at thus accomplishing 'the impossible'. What a pebble I was in the shoe of education on the march!

Later, in Boothbay Harbor, Maine, with my father, I discovered the same pattern with my sports and recreational activity. I became a sailing fan, even though I had to build my own sailboat out of an old skiff. But I didn't enjoy sailing like most of the others. They all rushed to their boats when the weather was fine, the breeze brisk, but not strong and everything was 'normal'. And then they stayed mostly within the confines of the harbor itself. I found little pleasure in this after a while. I preferred to go out only when the others came in because the wind was 'too strong'. I delighted in beating the elements, the worse they got. I remember one hair-raising trip around Southport Island, where my brother, a reluctant passenger, crouched in the sloshing water of the bilge of the little boat and prayed fervently and miserably as the spume and green water poured over him. I was afraid, of course, but the pure joy of combat with the wild elements had me singing and even howling back at the wild wind with animal energy. My brother begged for mercy, which I could not understand, although I feel sorry for him now. He must have thought me mad and hated me — which he assured me he did.

When even this activity palled a bit, I essayed a trip to Pemaquid, far out at sea for such a tiny boat, with another young man of similar tastes. We made history on that trip by negotiating the Threads of Life — a torturous rock passage — at night, against the wind and against a terrible rip tide.

My friend, Eden Lewis and I took turns fending off catastrophe from the bow of the tossing craft as we tacked back and forth, only inches from the jagged rocks, with the wind howling against us and the tide spinning us around most fearfully in the inky blackness. The continual splash of the cold, dark waters in our faces would have added to the general effect

of horror, had we not been rash youths. How we both enjoyed it! And, even more, how we enjoyed the warm feeling of success and mastery when we reached our warm fire-sides, soaked, exhausted, but exulting in our 'impossible' victory!

I discover pretty much the same pattern in my emotional life. I cannot abide 'pick-ups' or 'easy women', which caused me to be a good deal of an odd ball in the service, particularly when I was very young, as one might imagine. I am intrigued only by exceptional females who require something more subtle than physical overpowering.

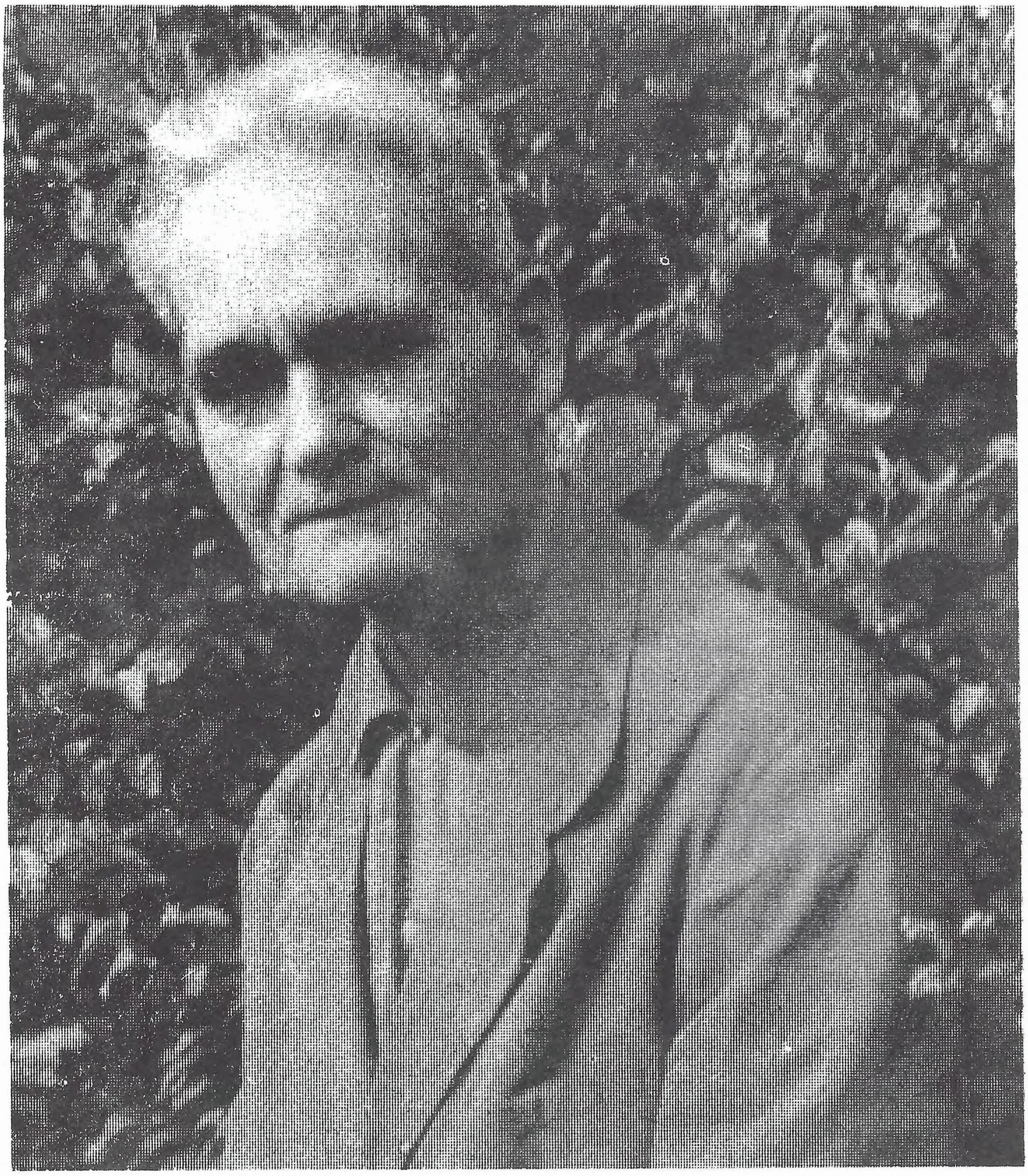
In short, I am now fairly certain that the driving force in my life is a deep satisfaction in defying any overwhelming odds which seem to press against that which I will. In ordinary affairs, when there is no such challenge, I not only do not excel — I am a positive flop. I cannot work up any real interest in having the best rock-garden in South Podunk, for instance and those things in life which depend upon being a dedicated cultivator of rock-gardens or similar normal accomplishments find me trailing happily at the rear.

On the other hand, in addition to this positive motivation for my activities, there is a negative hate — a burning hate which alone can drive me to lose my temper, a thing I almost never do. *Bullying* — the beating or torturing of an innocent or helpless creature by an overpowering creature or group of creatures, for the sheer pleasure of bullying and torture, drives me to a frenzy such that it is difficult to control myself.

The combination of these two overpowering drives from deep within me, I believe, are the underlying motivations which sent me down to the mall, wearing a Swastika armband, ready to die, if necessary and dumped me, for the moment, in the smelly little cell in the basement of the Washington, D.C., Police Headquarters. I believe the same two characteristics, applied at this crucial and precise time in history, will propel me and our Nazi movement from that jail cell, up Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House: The world's longest half-mile!

TO BE CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE!

RUDOLF HESS
PRISONER OF PEACE



A SOLDIER'S MESSAGE

The following article is a speech given by Rudolf Hess at Koenigsberg on July 8, 1934. This is the third and final part.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE FRONT

I appeal to the front line comrades of the war, on all sides.

Be honest. Of course we once stood out there in the proud feeling that we were doughty men — Soldiers, Warriors, liberated from the everyday routine of our former existence. We probably experienced a temporary pleasure in a kind of life that was a crude contrast to the languid existence which modern civilization and hyper-civilization brings with it. We felt ourselves worthier men than those who were far from the front and had nothing to do with the destiny that was being decided there. We felt that we were defending the life of our nation and that we were the trustees of its future.

We enjoyed happy and bright hours. We tried to double every minute of life that was given to us. Not one of us would like to have this time at the front erased from his memory.

But let us be honest. The smell of death was always in our nostrils. We have seen death in more fearful and mangled shapes than any men before our time. We squatted and crouched in our dugouts, waiting to be crushed to pieces. We listened with stilled breath as our trained ear heard the hiss of the shell above us, as the mine exploded before our feet. Our hearts throbbed as if they would break to pieces when we sought cover in vain against the deadly rattle of the machinegun. With our gas masks on we felt ourselves suffocating to death in the midst of the gas clouds. We stumbled along in the water-logged trenches. We lay out in shell craters through the freezing nights. For days and weeks together, the horror of battle passed over us. We were frozen and hungry and often on the verge of madness. The cries of the badly wounded men were in our ears. We met blinded men staggering back and we heard the death rattle in the throats of the dying. Among the heaped up corpses of our dead comrades, we lost all hope of life. We saw the misery of the refugees behind the lines. We saw the widows and the orphans, the cripples and the suffering, the sick children and the hungry women at home.

Let us be honest. Did not each one of us then and there often ask: Why all this? Must it be? Can humanity not be spared all this in the future

But we held out, on all sides, as men of duty and discipline and loyalty, as men who despised cowardice.

Today, I take up anew the question we then asked and I send it out to ring as a summons throughout the world. As one who fought in the front line trenches to other front line soldiers throughout the world, as a leader of the German nation to the leaders of other nations, I ask: Must it be With goodwill and cooperation cannot we save humanity from this?

Perhaps someone will ask: Why do you raise your voice today for the first time? Why have you remained silent during the past years

I shall give the answer. Because in the past my voice would have been intermingled with the voices of those who had betrayed their own nation. It would have been associated with those who fell upon our fighting soldiers from the rear. It would have been intermingled with the voices of those Germans who have the Treaty of Versailles on their consciences.

Today I can speak, because a man of my own people has re-established the honor of that people before the world. Today I can speak, because the world now knows that a National Socialist soldier is not a knave. Today

I can speak, because the Leader of my people has himself offered the hand of peace to the world. Today I can speak, because the courageous stand of one man, Adolf Hitler, is a guarantee against my being misunderstood or accused of making common cause with the pacifist poltroons.

Today I *must* speak, because I must stand by the man who is seeking in this final moment to save the world from catastrophe. Today I raise my voice, because I wish also to warn the world against mistaking the Germany of today, the Germany of peace, for the Germany of the pacifists.

For this must be proclaimed and made known: Although the men of the old front line have the thousandfold horrors of the war still before their minds, and although the postwar generation wants war as little as the older generation does, yet, the road is not open for an "excursion" into our country.

Just as in the Great War, the French people defended every rood of their soil with all their might and would defend it again any day against a renewed attack, so would the German people do in like manner today. The French front line soldier will especially understand us when we tell those who are constantly playing with the idea of another war — which, of course, would have to be waged on the front by others than the professional hate-mongers — the French front line soldier will understand us when we tell these people:

If you dare to attack us, if you dare to march into the new Germany, then shall the world learn what the spirit of the new Germany is. It would fight for the inviolability of its freedom as scarcely any other people in history ever fought. The French people know how one defends one's native soil. Every scrap of wood, every hill, every farmstead would have to be conquered with the outpouring of blood. Old and young would dig themselves into their native soil. They would defend themselves with a fanaticism unparalleled in the world's history.

And even though the superiority of armament should turn out victorious, the way through the Reich would be a road of gruesome sacrifice also for the invader; because there never was a nation so filled with the sense of its right, as our nation is, and the sense of its duty to defend itself to the last against every attack.

GERMANY'S DESIRE FOR AN UNDERSTANDING

But we do not believe that those who are poisoning the springs of international relations mean to suggest to us that there is any nation which would be ready in these days to wreck the peace of Germany and therewith that of Europe, if not of the whole world.

We believe that this is particularly true of the French people; for we know that these people also yearn for peace. We who fought in the trenches remember that the French population behind the lines in the world war always spoke of it as a misfortune for themselves and the whole world. The demand for an honorable understanding with Germany, uttered officially by the organizations of French front line soldiers, was received with keen sympathy by us, and especially by German soldiers of the old front line. The demand undoubtedly sprang from a firsthand knowledge of what the realities of war mean, and also from the esteem which France's front line soldiers have for the military achievements of the German soldiers in the war.

The soldiers of France recognise how tenaciously the German soldiers fought for four-and-a-half years against superior forces. And in the same way, the German front line soldier has never failed to acknowledge the bravery of his French adversary. This bravery found its expression in the fact that the French army paid the highest price in blood of any army in the ranks of the Allies.

The soldiers of the old front line want peace.

The people want peace.

The German Government wants peace.

And if sometimes the words of authoritative representatives of the French Government sound to us in disharmony with the spirit of

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willingness for an understanding, this does not lead us to abandon hope that, in spite of all, the Government of France also wants peace. The French people undoubtedly want peace. In the face of that fact, we are convinced that the French Government does not desire a war with Germany.

If authoritative French representatives do not speak the language of the French people or the French front line soldiers, they are not to be taken as representative of leading ideas in France. A Frenchman who knows the people and politics of his country very well said to me once: "Have sympathy with us. We still govern through the parliamentary system." He meant to say that statesmen are often forced in their speeches to avoid saying what they think and to say what the parliamentary majority wants to hear. But we know that parliamentary majorities do not represent the opinion of the public. They are rather the representatives of commercial interests and other forces.

History will certainly bestow more laurels on the men who, in these difficult times, will have worked to bring about an understanding among the nations, and thus to save civilization, than on those who think that by aggressive political and military measures they can win victories that will be real victories. The people themselves will be grateful to those leaders who will have assured peace to them; because unemployment, with all its social misery, is ultimately attributable to a meager interchange of goods between the various nations. And this interchange is kept at a low level by the absence of mutual trust.

It is an indubitable fact that an understanding between Germany and France would not only help those nations, looked upon as a whole, but also each single individual among the populations of both. To put the matter concretely, every Frenchman and every German would thereby be assured a higher income permanently or a higher permanent wage.

The war and the continuation of it by other means under the name of "peace", brought no good to civilization or the well-being of the nations. As little as the war profited us all, so much more will a real peace benefit us all.

Real peace and honest mutual trust between the nations will make possible the reduction of armaments, which today are a heavy drain on a large section of the income of the nations, therewith detracting from the wealth of the individual citizens.

Again and again, Adolf Hitler has asserted that Germany demands equality of rights in all spheres, including that of armament. Once such an understanding as I have been speaking of shall have been arrived at between Germany and her neighbors, Germany can easily be content with the minimum amount of armament which is necessary for her own internal security and the guaranteeing of peace.

A practically disarmed country represents a danger to peace. The fact that it lacks the means of military defense offers a temptation to foreign armies to undertake "excursions" that would be attended with no military risk. Disarmament of one single nation in the midst of heavily-armed nations might easily excite ambitious men to an attempt to win easy laurels for themselves. It might also prove a lure for governments to ease tension at home by undertaking foreign adventures.

It is especially the old soldiers among you, my party colleagues, who as former soldiers can bear testimony to the fact that the soldiers of the old front line, to whom I have the honor to belong, desire peace in the profound conviction of their souls.

The world was surprised at the frank and open way in which that soldier of the old front line, Adolf Hitler, recently expressed his opinion on this point. The front line soldiers who are now in the German Government honorably demand peace and understanding. I appeal to the ex-service men of all nations, and even to their governments, to give us their combined support in striving towards this goal.

From the sacred soil of East Prussia I send out this appeal to the soldiers of

the world who fought in the war. Here on this German borderland began the great world struggle which brought with it such terrible sacrifices, sacrifices from which the nations that took part in the struggle have not yet recovered. I hope that the spirits which hover over this historic battlefield from which I send out this cry of peace will help to make it effective. We now have pacts of understanding with our great neighbor on this eastern German frontier, thereby guaranteeing peace to the populations dwelling on both sides of this frontier. Would that the nations which stand on the other frontiers of Germany might guarantee a greater degree of security for their own people and ours through friendly pacts of mutual understanding rather than by the heaping up of war material. That is our hope. In the memory of its dead, many of whom fell here in East Prussia, Germany's will to peace will continue to grow stronger and stronger.

The old soldiers of the war fronts and the young men who are striving to build up a free and proud and peaceful Reich send their greetings from here to the front line soldiers of the world and to Adolf Hitler in particular. We all look upon him as our protagonist in the cause of Peace.

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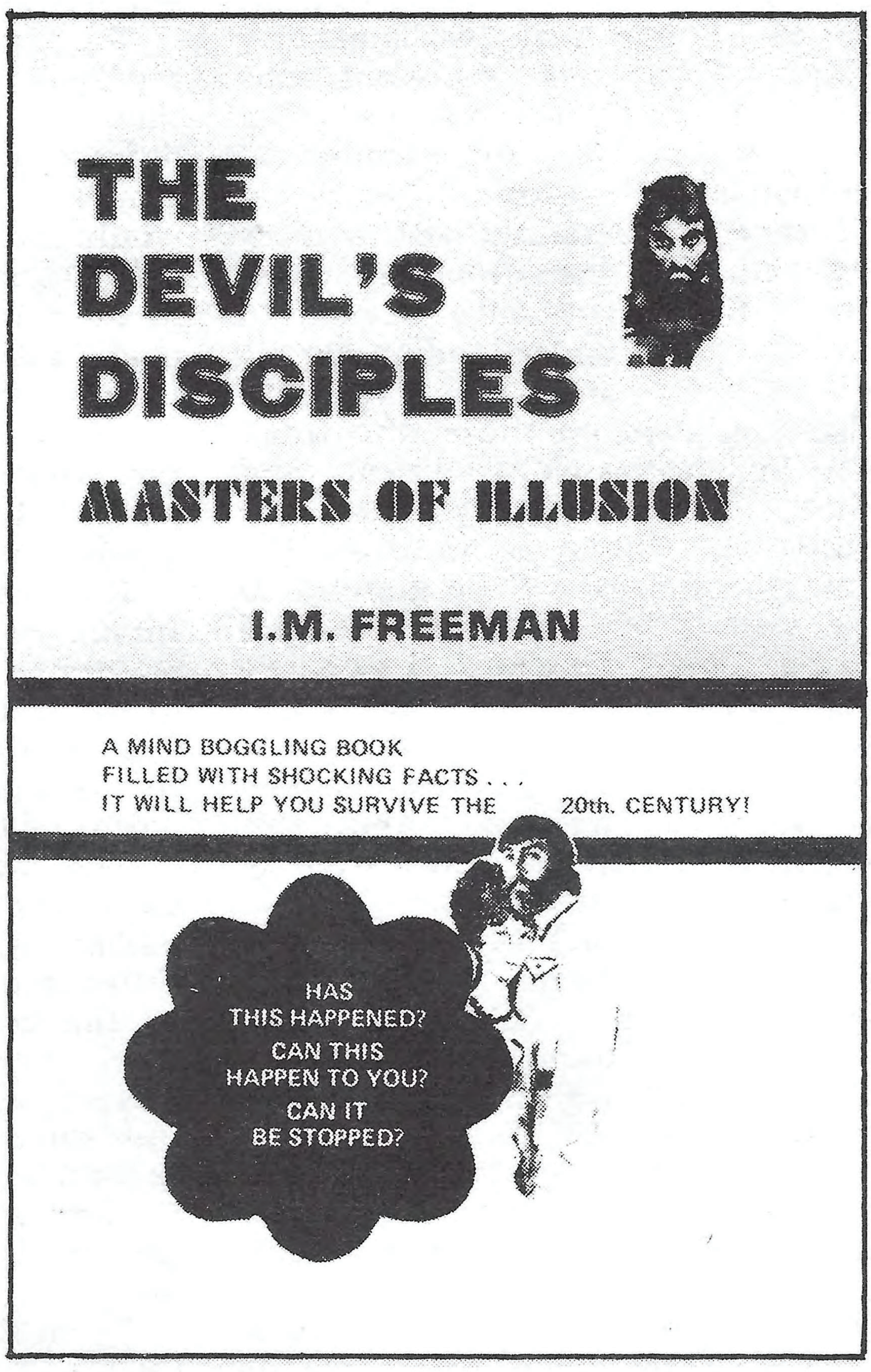

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NS FINANCES

by H.A. Covington

The purpose of this article is to outline techniques and procedures for handling the finances of active National Socialist groups. A proper approach to finance by leaders and their administrative personnel is vital for three reasons: (1) To ensure efficient use of money and eliminate waste; (2) To ensure that the organization's membership has confidence in the ability and integrity of the leadership in money matters; and (3) Because sloppy procedures, inaccurate records and shady financial finagling is an open invitation to the authorities to harass the organization with tax audits, etc.

The procedures to be discussed herein are an amalgam of the author's personal views and experiences, but they are largely based on plain common sense. The system of accounting and bookkeeping described are essentially the ones used by the Rhodesian White People's Party (RWPP), of which the author was a founding member, although to be sure, procedures have changed since the RWPP was forced underground early in 1976 by the Smith regime. In addition, the National Socialist Party of North Carolina is currently handling its finances along similar lines.

The most obvious aspect of the finance question is security. A National Socialist organization needs two levels of financial administration: an active bank or credit union account to handle straightforward expenses such as printing, election fees, bail, salaries for any employees, etc.; and a reserve which can be called into use in the case of sudden need. Certainly, the exact nature and amount of a party's reserve is a highly sensitive item of information, something the Jews and their assorted stooges in the System would love to learn. The ramifications of these points will be discussed later on, but for now, here are a few tips regarding the maintenance of The Reserve:

(1) If it is kept in a bank account, it needs to be an account that the authorities do not know about, if possible, under the guise of a front group. Watch out for fraud violations in this regard, however. A further point to be careful on is the transfer of funds from this account to the Party or its personnel. Remember: *Every check written in the U.S.A. is photostated and a copy kept on file!* The same goes for savings deposits and withdrawal slips. Federal banking regulations make it easy for authorities to monitor a group's or an individual's financial activities.

(2) Don't keep your reserve in cash, either stuffed in Granny's mattress or even in a safe deposit box. In some circumstances, it is actually illegal for a political organization to have large amounts stashed, under election regulations regarding 'slush funds', etc., and nothing so titillates investigators, Treasury agents, Congressional committees, etc., as catching some political enemy with lots of unexplained long green lying around. Remember all the trouble the late, unlamented Nixon had with those safe deposit boxes stuffed with Mafia moola? When the Jews decided to axe Tricky Dick, they knew right where to look. Avoid this situation.

(3) The best way to keep your reserve is in the form of savings bonds or securities. They are quickly negotiable and draw interest. Needless to say, keep knowledge of the amounts and locations of such stashes restricted to the few who need to know, and that is fewer than you may think.

Eventually, your group may be coming into big money and you will then need to do a little fiddling for security's sake. This will be discussed later on in the section regarding your

finances *vis a vis* the authorities. But now, let's assume that you have just started your little 'hate-group'. An embarrassment of riches would probably not be your problem at such stage, so you won't have to worry about high financial shenanigans; just straightforward and simple accounting so you can see what's come in and what's gone out, to whom and for what. It is extremely wise to keep books and orderly records on finances, as a recent unfortunate incident with the NSWWP in California has emphasized, and as many sad experiences in the past have repeatedly shown. The cardinal rule which must be observed: *Party finances are never, ever a one-man affair!* The problem of financial administration is an ancient one, indeed, and may be summed up as *qui custode ipsos custodes* In other words, "Who guards the guardians?" The answer is that you do.

Account Books and Open Ledgers

If you can balance a check book, you can set up a simple system of accounting which will let you know at a glance how much money you have, how much you've received in donations, etc., and what you've spent it on. Just get a plain notebook and keep a running account, credits (income) entered in black and debits (expenditures) entered in red. These columns can be added up periodically so you can see how much money has come in, how much has gone out and what you've got left. Be sure to keep such pertinent items as deposit slips and cancelled checks;and note down check and receipt numbers.

Individual donations should be entered and a Party receipt given. When you 'pass the hat' at a meeting, the amount received should be totalled and IMMEDIATELY entered into the ledger, even though it has not been deposited as yet. A receipt should be made out and stapled in the ledger. Always keep carbon copies of your receipts. When anonymous donations are made, say at a meeting, the amount collected should be announced to the meeting before it breaks up. The reason for this is simple: to stop some subordinate or even the leader himself from skimming money off the top and depositing only part of the collection. As shameful and bitter it is to admit it, this has happened in the past.

This raises the topic of the 'open ledger', which is basically a system whereby Party officers and members in good standing may examine books periodically, check them against receipts and bank statements, etc. and assure themselves that all is in order.

Certainly, access to such records represents a security risk, but there is an even greater risk when the Party rank and file do not have some assurance that their money is going toward the cause and not towards Party officers' bar bills and mistresses. Nothing can destroy an organization faster than suspicions of this sort and nothing can give more grist to the agent provocateurs' rumor-mills than the slightest hint of financial irregularity. This is not to say that every Tom, Dick and Finkelstein who walk in off the street waving an Official Supporter's Card gets a peek at the books, but Party officers and substantial supporters need to have confidence in their leadership and you don't build confidence by making finance a taboo topic and cloaking it in a blanket of secrecy in the name of 'security'. It didn't work for Nixon and it won't work for National Socialists.

Your Funds and the Feds

One major goal of many organizations, for one reason or another, seems to be official incorporation. I question the wisdom of this, at least in the early stages of an organization's existence. It is true that it is harder for Federal agents to nail a corporate body for the acts of individuals, and it is true that incorporation gives a group an officially-recognized existence, but it also opens all sorts of avenues for enemy harassment, especially for tax frameups. Corporate bodies are liable to taxation, whereas purely fraternal and political groups are not. Time and time again, the IRS has swooped down upon the NSWPP, beginning back in the days when it was the American

Nazi Party. In 1965, the IRS actually succeeded in closing the Randolph Street HQ. They nearly closed down Franklin Road with a tax bill in 1973, but a special appeal was made and the assessment paid off. Since then, it appears evident that someone passed the word to the tax people that Franklin Road poses no threat and they can lay off. The 1973 incident was the direct result of the fact that the NSWPP was officially incorporated as "George Lincoln Rockwell Party, Inc."

The NSPNC is currently shown on the bank books as a 'fraternal organization', and, as nearly as the author has been able to determine, it is not liable as such to any state or federal taxes. The powers-that-be may come up with some Mickey Mouse number in the future, but they will have to stretch it quite a bit. Let's face it: when the authorities want to bring charges against you, they will always find something. It is impossible for John Q. Citizen to walk down the street in our Judaized, niggerized society today without violating half a dozen little bureaucratic ordinances. As one historian put it, "The existence of many laws is the sign of a corrupt society."

By not incorporating as yet, the NSPNC has saved time, money and avoided lots of enemy flak from the very beginning. In addition, should we or any other unincorporated group have to disassemble, disperse and go underground quickly, our unincorporated status gives us a lot less excess baggage to unload.

Eventually, incorporated or not, if your organization grows and prospers sufficiently to annoy the Zionist Occupation Forces, they will attempt to put the squeeze on you by: (1) Minutely inspecting your financial records for any sign of irregularity and (2) Attempting to identify and intimidate your major financial supporters.

The first should not be too difficult a hurdle if you have kept simple, accurate and up-to-date records which no amount of fiscal hocus-pocus can distort. If your accounts add up and represent your income and expenditures, the Feds are pretty well flummoxed.

Two things of critical importance in this department are: Transfers of funds to persons and expenditures you don't want known or traced. Money paid to Party officers or supporters for goods or services rendered must be reported on the recipient's income tax, otherwise your officers and membership can be picked off on tax charges. One example of disagreeable consequences occurred during the 1973 audit of the NSWPP, wherein Party funds were being paid through the checking account of a supporter so that he could pay the rent on a storm troop barracks without incurring the talmudic tirades of the landlord. Since these relaid funds could have been construed as 'personal income', some fast-shuffling had to be done!

There will always be payments to various people and companies which you will wish to conceal from the Zionist authorities — to protect your supply sources of printing, etc. 'Jew-jitsiu' or 'cooking the books' is not what I mean to advocate in this regard, for there are perfectly legal ways of concealing the true recipient of a cash outgo. For example, you can make out a cash voucher to a Party officer with the entry: "Printing expenses for 10,000 leaflets, etc." When the job is done, another entry may be made: "Received and seen to be in good order." This is not illegal and party members won't gripe if they actually see 10,000 new leaflets going out on the streets. This simply means that the Feds will not be able to identify the source of your propaganda material merely by a quick look at your financial records. Just because the Party officer who 'supplied' the leaflets doesn't happen to have a printing press at the time is no fault of his!

Another manner of acquiring needed items is to make cash 'awards' to loyal Party members, who, out of loyalty will 'donate' needed items to the Party, thereby 'recycling' their 'awards'. Ah, such loyalty and devotion to The Cause!

Protecting Supporters

The enemy always attempts to identify and dry up the NS organization's supply of funds. Their principal unprincipled tactic is to pinpoint individual donors and subject them to harassment, threats, beatings, robberies, blackmail, loss of employment, injury to family members, etc. The usual Zionist/Mafia tactics one might reasonably expect. New laws regulating financial contributions to political parties may soon be called into play in order to force the identification of financial supporters, however, that is a bridge we must cross when we come to it.

There are several ways to protect the identity of substantial donors. One of such is to keep sizable contributors on a separate schedule, apart from the $5 and $10 crowd. This schedule must be kept highly confidential, and not even mentioned. Those who know of its existence and whereabouts must be few and trustworthy. Arrangements should be made to destroy such records instantly in the even of a raid by the Red Gestapo.

How does one go about disguising their donations? One method is to ensure the donor's presence at a fairly large meeting at which he drops a contribution in an unmarked envelope, which is added to the total. In a meeting of fifty or more persons, this should not be too conspicuous. Another way would be personal visitation and collection by a trusted Party member. Certainly, any and all means should be used to co-operate with such a donor and to ensure his protection.

Suppose you receive an envelope with $500 in cash or a money order, accompanied by a scribbled note saying, "Yu ar duing gud werk. Keep it up. Here is sum munny 4 yu." Ah, manna from heaven! Who could this anonymous benefactor be? You're right, it could be the Feds, so you had better enter it in your ledger to avoid entrapment. Then go right ahead and spend it!

A final and obvious question arises: Why keep records and books at all? In the final analysis, you certainly don't want the enemy to know about your financial status. How do you conceal and yet conform with the law?

The answer is that in the long run, you can't. If you try to stay completely 'kosher' you will wind up aiding the enemy, so it is always a matter of judgement. Remember, you are waging a battle of wits with the Zionist Occupation Government of America. There are some things which you can get away with, simply because you must in order to function, and there are some fiddles which would simply take up too much Federal time and effort to sort out in order to nail you.

But the chief reason for keeping any financial records at all, aside from your own efficiency and convenience is that you must show the Feds SOMETHING. A policeman expects to find a crime and if he doesn't, he keeps on digging. A classic example of this occurred in the 1960's in North Carolina, in which the then Grand Dragon of the NC KKK, the Honorable Robert C. Hudgins, was subpenaed to testify before the House Un-American Activities Committee and was consequently ordered to bring all the Klan's records with him. Grand Dragon Hudgins had virtually no records to present. He had accomplished the phenomenal task of running North Carolina's Klan, the largest in the country, off the top of his head! The result was that Bob was nearly imprisoned for contempt of Congress — the idiots of HUAC simply could not believe that there were no records. In the end, he had to go home and type up several reams of nonsense to give them so they could sit in front of the TV cameras and pontificate about their voluminous knowledge of the KKK. These are the times when one wonders if our Congress is not merely a tax-supported institution for the senile and alcoholic.

The point is that any NS group must have some nice 'treats' to give the kiddies in the Federal agencies; otherwise they might start pouting and play some dirty tricks on you. They have egos, too, and although these items are very small and mean and nasty in their case, these egos do require feeding and stroking now and

then. You can do this by making them think they have your number, that they've got you all sorted, classified, cross-indexed and computed, so that by the time they find out we have not been fooling around when it comes to restoring White Majority Rule in America, it will be too late.

Information can be a two-way street. When you give, you get -- if you know what you're doing. Records are a part of the paper war, the propaganda war. They can be made to serve in some respects as a shield for our racial comrades and as a sword for the swift punishment of those who would abuse our comrades' trust.

To record or not to record — that is the question — the question every National Socialist must answer for himself.

"A race of the mind is something more solid, more durable than just a race, pure and simple. Transplant a German to the United States and you turn him into an American. But the Jew remains a Jew wherever he goes, a creature which no environment can assimilate. It is the characteristic mental make-up of his race which renders him impervious to the processes of assimilation. And there, in a nutshell, is the proof of the superiority of the mind over the flesh!"

Adolf Hitler's Last Testament

MY PRISON EXPERIENCE

by Franz Pfeiffer
Chile

Before the advent of the military coup in Chile, I had been arrested by the red democracy of my country exactly fifty times. I became acquainted with every jail cell in Santiago and several others throughout the country. After the first twenty arrests and detentions, I became something of a celebrity.

"Well, here you are again, Franz. Would you mind playing some chess? You beat us last time, so let's get down to cases and set up the board."

They would bring sandwiches and I would take the opportunity to introduce my chess opponents to National Socialism, but these were the good times. Most other times were not so good.

On such occasions 'our local police' would keep me standing at attention for hours. They would throw me into a dirty cell and force petty criminals to beat me, so that they could swear in court that they had nothing to do with my injuries. I still carry the scars of these experiences. However, there were unexpected dividends.

These same criminals, often men who had stolen in order to feed their children, would care for me after the cops left and restore me to consciousness. They would congratulate me for being so 'brave' and not being angry at them. I certainly knew what would have happened to them if they had not obeyed the cops' orders — they were ALONE against the system.

My best defense was not my 'legal rights', but my fame. In every case, it was a matter of a very short time until some comrade appeared on my behalf, risking arrest in order to look after me. Usually, we called reporters. We wanted as many witnesses as possible. The existence of such witnesses caused two plainclothes detectives to be discharged from the police force because of cruelty against a prisoner!

Moral: Comrades mean Comradeship. Be a loyal comrade and you shall receive loyalty in return. If you can rely upon your comrades, the enemy cannot destroy you too easily.

While serving a three-year sentence at Buin in 1965, I was elected spokesman for the prison inmates. Eighty-five out of eighty-nine voted in my favor, the 'nasty Nazi'. Even the guards were happy that day, but the warden was thoroughly upset, because he was fanatically anti-Nazi, although he had a German surname. This official used all the petty, mean tricks on me: He stopped my mail and prevented me from receiving news from the outside, for months at a time.

The guards and other prisoners helped me, however. They smuggled letters, books, etc.

Then, one day I met a fellow-prisoner who had killed his Jewish employer. This man was reading MEIN KAMPF! "My God!" he whispered, "I was sincerely repenting having killed the kike. I knew nothing about Jews. I was sick in the head, but I am now cured. Thanks, Pfeiffer!"

I learned his story. For twenty long years he had worked for a Jew, receiving a pittance for his devoted labor, until one day, his mother died.

On that day, he did not go to work. The next day, he was fired. He explained what had happened to his Jewish employer and received the reply, "Dead people do not pay you a salary. You cannot eat if you do not work! When my own mother died, I opened the store as always. My store is worth more than all the dead people in the world." With these words, the Jew died.

Don't mistake what I am saying: Some criminals are nothing more than that. Crime and anti-social behavior are their lives' work. But most convicts I have met do not have a 'criminal mind'. Many had stolen, driven by sheer desperation. These are the victims of the judeo-capitalist system.

Too many people are aware that they may work hard for years, only to achieve a life of grinding poverty. They will never be able to vacation at that beautiful seaside resort which they glimpse on someone else's television screen, but they see those who are able to afford the good life, without working. The solution, of course, is not to steal or to riot, but to unite and change things. Although I may sound like a commie when I say these things, I must say that I have never met a Communist in jail or in prison.

"Communists are cheaters, just like me," a convict told me, "but they don't have the guts to steal illegally. They must have the law on their side." This fellow may have been a thief, but he was a good deal more honest than most political candidates.

Many of the prisoners were well aware of the Jewish conspiracy, but they had no solution for it. "I like you Nazis," one told me, "but you wouldn't accept me in your ranks. I have been a loser all my life."

I told him that he could find himself welcome in our ranks, if he had committed what WE considered a crime, provided he changed his ways. This is exactly what he did and he is in our ranks today. To be a real loser, you must believe yourself to be one. If you can look at yourself in the mirror and say, "I shall not be a loser, but a winner!" You have already taken the first step on the road to your own salvation and Our Race has another fine warrior in its ranks. Join us, White Brothers and Sisters!

THE SWASTIKA
ANCIENT SYMBOL OF THE
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Is your neighbourhood crime infested or is it still all White?

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Letters to the Editor

Comrade George: 4.3.77

You and the comrades whom you have gathered around you are now doing more for The Cause than anyone else in America since the days of George Lincoln Rockwell. Everyone who calls himself a National Socialist in our country today should rally behind the White Power Movement and support it as much as possible.

There is, however, one thing which I would like to ask of you. Please let that sordid Mason episode die its unnatural death. It takes two to make an argument, George, and you have long since made your point. Psychos thrive on attention, even when it is of the most sordid kind. To quote an Irish wit: "The only thing worse than being talked about is to be ignored." Ignore him, George. He will suffer more from your silence than from your slings and arrows.

Almost every issue of the WPR has a letter or two to the Editor in which Mason is attacked. Since it is customary for the right-wing press to publish letters to the editor signed only by a couple of initials, it is common knowledge that many of these letters are bogus and are just another way for the editor to air his views.

When I see a mighty hunter stalking a mouse (or should I say a rat?) with an elephant gun, it isn't the motives of the mouse which I question.

Eighty-eight!
O.E., NY

Editor: Many thanks for your support, Comrade! You have made a good point about the Mason affair. We were publishing ALL letters having to do with the issue at hand, which goes beyond that of personalities into the realm of tactics and propaganda effectiveness, but we have received NO letters of support for the Mason side so we shall close the casket cover on the dead mouse, which is beginning to stink. Thank you for revealing one of the secrets of right-wing journalism. I must say that we do edit letters in regard to length and spelling, but we do not possess the imaginations to bring up the myriad viewpoints and subjects as do our correspondents, all of whom do in fact exist. It is a clever idea, however, and one we shall bear in mind if people ever do stop writing to us. That is certainly not the problem these days!

Dear Sirs: 3.22.77

Yesterday, the WPR arrived, to which I had been looking forward, indeed.

It all sounds good, only you know it won't work. Why? Because you have no common binding faith. With faith I do not mean belief and even less creed. Let me explain. All Aryan beliefs and creeds from the North Pole to India and everywhere else were shells around the knowing faith or faithful knowledge that being a person is just ONE part of the whole. That being alive is inconsequential compared with being — and staying — within the delimitations of honor. This faith is congenial to us, whether we be Hindus or Parsi or "New Heathen". Then there is another creed, that which alleges that all we can possibly do is of NO avail at all, unless a creator-god sacrifices his own son on behalf of mankind. To believe that one god or whatever can save another, is alien to us and makes us sick when we embrace such a belief.

Faith is the fourth dimension. You stay inside only three dimensions and are probably proud of it. I won't bother you with recent German history, but you could and should learn from it. The German people were much closer-knit racially than are American Whites, and still ideology did not work because there was no common faith. There was not a "Rote Kapelle" only; there was a "Schwarze Kapelle" much earlier. When it comes to the final showdown, no man on

Earth can stand up unless he has faith and particularly the faith which belongs to his race. Unless you have it, the enemy will be stronger, since he has his race-faith and we haven't.

You try to replace faith by race. You write: "Whatever his belief, language or culture, if and when he identifies himself as White, he's one of us. This *may* work, as long as there is struggle, but let me tell you what happened in Germany when National Socialism took over: Masses of profit-patriots swarmed into the party. The simple working man, who had risked his life and lost his health in fighting for the good cause shook hands with the boss, who had fired him some years ago for his participation in the struggle. The Storm Trooper was so happy over victory that everything was forgotten — "We are just one people (you say race) now."

What happened? The newcomers to the Party generally had a better education. They quickly overtook the simpler-minded first-day-fighters and soon those people were doing the schooling. I could name some pretty important names, men who joined the Party AFTER Victory Day whose brilliant intellects let them rise rapidly and gain international fame. This could not have happened with common faith.

There will always be renegades — one can handle them — but men of integrity and of good race thought it their duty to betray their people. That is the terrible thing.

But some of you go even farther, as I read with astonishment. Do you actually believe a person can take drugs regularly and remain what he is or even better himself? Do you earnestly consider it of no relevance whether a person makes love to the other or to his own sex? You can't be that naive!

You write, in essence, "no matter, if he's White!" But things are exactly the other way around. What makes us different is NOT that we are better, but that we are truly happy only when we constantly strive to become worthier. What makes the difference is the conviction that IT DOES MATTER! whether we conduct our lives honorably and with dignity. You cannot be a staunch fighter at a rally and a drunken clown on your days off.

I fully realize that you cannot do otherwise. Disparity between American Whites is so massive, you must take almost everybody who wants to join, but you should at least be warned that it won't work. If you only rely on those three dimensions which our senses can grasp, you might as well quit, because the world is inconsequential compared with honor. Your words: "We don't want to die for Our Race, but make the enemy die for his" sounds cynical to me. Living means fighting and the best men and women of Our Race die happily, glad to be allowed to lay down sword and hammer after a long, arduous (life) day.

This does not mean: eschew happiness. There's much happiness in fighting and in loving. It only means that the aim cannot be on this side of the line only. It cannot be worldly only, because it simply is not enough to live and work for one's children and they for theirs and on and on. Endless repetition of what is meaningless does not make life meaningful. *Only Honor and Faith do.*

Yours sincerely,
R.E., Germany

Editor: Thank you, Comrade, for this excellent and thought-provoking letter. I hope every White Power Activist gives much consideration to the points you have raised and revises his approach in accordance with them.

Certainly, there is a dimension beyond the common ken and research must be done, explorations conducted, beyond the third dimension, which until now has largely been the usurped province of charlatans, psychic quacks and shamans of superstition. We all agree that there is an Unknown, but too many go from that premise to the erroneous corollary that they can tell us all about it.

I shall try to do justice to your wise counsel by responding to the topics which I feel are of particular importance, although, I am sure other readers will discover additional items

of interest in your letter.

In certain respects, you remind me of General Ludendorff's warning when you mention the "Schwarze Kapelle". He tried to warn Germans of the existence of three Judeo-conspiracies: Bolshevism, Freemasonry and Jesuitism, the latter which he equated with Rome or the Roman Catholic Church. Certainly, his ideological decks were clear and his ideology scrupulously consistent, but his ship sailed without a crew. The only people who paid attention to his message were the Chinese. Ludendorff even accused Hitler of being a "hireling of Rome" because he refused to come out against the Catholic Church. This brings us to the topic of perfection.

Hitler had this over Ludendorff: He knew that the world is imperfect and that politics was "the art of the possible", yet he strove to do his Aryan duty in this world by working with the material at hand, material which was imperfect.

Ideology, as you say, is not enough, but it is one weapon which we must have at our command, just as we must rely upon every possible means to achieve our objectives without thereby defiling them.

You say that "ideology did not work". How did it not work? Because a child's education is interrupted does not mean that education does not work. Hitler, in his wisdom, knew that faith would follow concerted Aryan action, just as military men know that soldiers learn bravery through familiarization with combat.

I am sure that you are a National Socialist and as such, you would agree with me that we cannot fold our arms and go on strike until Nature provides us with perfection, the perfect situation in which we may behave perfectly. In the world as it is, with people as they are, we must do our Racial Duty, our Holy Mission.

This is the way of honor — WHITE POWER — the only way!

Dear Sirs: 3.30.77

As a conscience-stricken closet Nazi, I take this opportunity to rush my conscience money to you in response to the appeal for funds from Comrade Covington in the recent WPR. You are quite right that one Mary Carr is worth a host of closet-Nazis! However, I certainly wish to support your activities and so, the check.

I am very pleased with the quality of the work presented in the WPR and Liberty Bell. Your policy of publishing many sides of the Nationalist and Racialist concepts is a tolerant and wise policy. The reader is exposed to many points of view, some of which may be new and upsetting. So much the better. One can pick and choose.

I have read your book on China, the Jews and World War III and although I found it very interesting and thought-provoking, I think that the book and the article by the White Russian emigrant in the Liberty Bell are wrong. Russia is not so greatly controlled by the Jews as you and he think, in my opinion.

Many of the names cited as Jews are not, in my opinion. You must remember that, just as there are nuts in the American right-wing, so there are such people among White Russians and indeed, in all European anti-communist circles.

The fact that Andropov is a Jew does not make the late Marshal Grechko a Jew.

The idea that China is a natural ally for the Europeans against the USSR has a lot of merit and is a line pushed by Dr Gerhard Frey of the Munich National Zeitung. But remember that Frey's newspaper ascribes the Swastika stickers and wall-placards to "foreign intelligence agencies", by which he probably has in mind the Mossad or Shin Beth, the KGB and even the CIA.

You and I know that those stickers were put up by Lauck's men. The only point to all this is that all may not be as it seems. The Russia versus China issue is very appealing to a German Nationalist, but we must examine the matter from many points of view. The final word has not been spoken on these matters and I remain unconvinced, although impressed by the book.

Is it true, as the preface states, that you were helped by intelligence agents from certain countries — the Mossad

included? Is there not the possibility of disinformation? Are you people that important already?

I hope so. Thank you for hearing me out.

Regards,
E.S., CA

Editor: Thank you, Comrade "closet-Nazi"! I do not think you need be so skeptical about the anti-Soviet role of Red China, which is striving with every persuasive device at hand to strengthen NATO while the Jew-nighted States is striving equally hard to tear it down completely. I think there must be a limit to doubt. Europeans are White people. We are White people. We are Jew-dominated. The Jews wish to destroy us. If you agree with me so far, then you will see that if China wishes to see a strong European community, an independent Europe, this can only be of benefit to our White racial kinsmen.

You are in disagreement about the degree of Jew control over the Soviet Union. I have not seen upon what facts you base your disagreement. Certainly, the fact that Andropov, head of the KGB, is a Jew does not entail that Marshal Grechko must be a Jew. He simply was a Jew, according to our informant who comes with good recommendation. We do not print any Soviet refugee's material, just because he is a Soviet emigrant. The degree of support Moscow's kosher regime receives from the Washington-Wall Street axis should be some indication that the 'Chosen People' of the USA are looking after their own in the USSR. Again, we did not write the China book nor did we write the White Russian's article, so we are open to factual rebuttal and will consider further evidence.

The origins of the China book are unknown to us here at White Power Publications. The Research Staff of the White Power Movement is an undefined body, the total membership of which may vary at any given time or project. I do not know whether bona fide members of intelligence organizations contributed to the book. I do not even know the people who wrote the book. I know some of the contributors, but they make no pretense of being the sole persons responsible. If this book is disinformation, it is strange that I have found nothing factual with which to contradict a single statement. It has been alleged that it is Red Chinese propaganda, aimed at getting White people to fight White people. Well, I can only say to this that the White Man's enemies reside in Washington and Moscow, not Peking! I don't know a single National Socialist, closet or otherwise who would disagree with that.

The China book is, as I understand from my own reading, not a love-song to China, but a warning and a target selection based upon true priorities of racial survival. Whether this compendium of factual material came into being as the result of cloak and dagger hugger-muggery or crystal ball-gazing matters not one iota to me. As far as I have confirmed, its content is factual and extremely relevant.

Certainly the White Power Movement has been the target of disinformation and even smear campaigns. Yes, we are important. Of that you need have no doubt.

Dear Mr Dietz: 4.8.77

On March 25, I requested some of your literature and you immediately sent me a complimentary issue of Liberty Bell and two issues of WPR. Thank you very much.

The [prison] authorities here illegally censor White Nationalist literature, and only by an oversight did yours get through. Because this is how the System which guarantees "freedom of speech, press and the right of access to information" behaves in practice, I am prepared to file suit for my basic rights to prevent the recurrence of this illegal mail censorship.

I passed the three magazines to other White activists here. Your literature would have great impact in the prisons if you could get it past the censors. The federal courts have ruled that an inmate can receive any literature as long as it does not clearly and visibly advocate armed revolt or other illegal acts. Yet, you must file

writs to obtain these rights which have been officially granted.

The best to you, your staff and your friends. You have many potential helpers in jails and prisons if you can just get the word to them.

Thank you.
Roger Mason, No. 22651
P.O. Box 33
Terre Haute, IN 47808

Editor: We'll keep trying to get the White Power Message through. Thanks for your support, Comrade!

Mr Dietz: 4.8.77

All my life I've heard the b.s. which is preached to people about Jews, Nazis and the world in general. People are on a "hate" trip concerning Nazis or any pro-White group and will stop at nothing to squash us.

I've been in prison now for four long, lonely years. It hasn't been a picnic, but one thing has enlightened me and made my time a little easier: For all the 'do-gooders' of society who proclaim 'brotherly love', etc.; for all the 'concerned' citizens of society, the only people who really gave a damn were the ones who are considered 'no good', the Nazis.

It was good people like you, Mr Dietz, who took time to write. It was you who, although in a lousy financial spot, sent books, material, etc. Why? Because you are trying to brainwash me? No, because you CARE. Who was it who published my name and got people to write me? Some concerned kosher konservative? No. It was you, Mr Dietz.

I may not be much of a letter writer. I may not express myself very well, but all I can say is, thank you. You have my backing all the way. Keep up the good work and the fine material.

From someone you helped.

WHITE POWER!
David Beede, B-52902
P.O. Box 686 CTF-Central
Soledad, CA 93960

Editor: It boosts our morale to know we are helping our racial comrades when they really need help. My sincere thanks to you comrades out there who are writing to Comrade Beede. Keep up the good work!

Dear George: 3.23.77

Here are my Supporter's dues for the month. I'll send you whatever support I can, although you know I'm not made of money and I know that one or two can't finance the entire movement. I wish the creeps who have the nerve to call themselves NS would send some money to you as well as their requests for freebies.

If lots of us can give a little to the cause, we can really do something.

As for the NS appearance issue, I would prefer to see us look like clean-cut, 1930 Storm Troopers any day, rather than scruffy, 1917 Jew communists!

WHITE POWER!
G.S., MO

Editor: Amen to that, Comrade. We must also remember that "handsome is as handsome does" and that too many of our self-styled comrades look like National Socialists, but behave otherwise. When we wear the uniform, we must live up to it. Hitler swore that he, personally, would tear off the armband of a coward or a weakling in our ranks. I see a whole lot of armbands that need ripping off. We must purge our ranks of the unfit, for they are the enemy in our midst. Too many NS comrades preach National Socialism but behave like snivelling Jews when the chips are down. I need mention no names. The guilty know who they are, as well as those true comrades whom they have betrayed. Those who swear allegiance to the rigorous cause of White Power must expect to be judged rigorously.

NOTICE

Racial Comrades in Chains please note: We regret to inform you that The Viking Voice has ceased publication, but we hope that it may be resumed in due course.

Boycott foodstore items
with the (U) or (K) seal!
It's Jewish Blackmail!

OUR NATIONALISM

by Pastor Robert E. Miles

To which Nation do you really owe loyalty? It is not an idle question. It strikes to the root of the reason for White America's many failures and few successes. The contradictions of White Americans' self-awareness and self-perception stem from the inability to face this question squarely and answer it honestly.

What is your nation? What does the word "nation" mean? Is it a land mass which has either natural or man-made boundaries? Is it one specific part of a continent? Is it the earth and the waters and the air which provide a people with a dwelling-place Is it the material things one holds in his or her hands and claims to be the symbols of what the nation stands for? The basic search for the meaning of a word starts with the dictionary. Webster's New World Dictionary states: "from the Latin, natio, to be born... a people or a tribe." In other words, a nation may be a people AND a place, but it is never a place without a people or a place with many peoples.

A group of people restricted to geographical boundaries may be a part of the total nation or it may even include many nations within itself. Any such country is not a nation, but a multi-national state, even though the inhabitants share a common government and a common language. The United States and the Soviet Union are not nations, by any stretch of the imagination, nor will they become nations until their territories become the sole provinces of a single race, for race is the fundamental building block of nationhood. Red China is therefore a nation, as is Japan.

Nations exist even where their people are widespread geographically, as did the English during the days of the British Empire and as do the Jews from ancient times to the present day. Thus, a nation is more than a geographical expression. It exists as a biopolitical reality, not a mere geopolitical entity. A nation must be held together by more than words written on treaties or constitutions. It has to have a common spirit, a will and a cohesiveness which only a common racial heritage can produce.

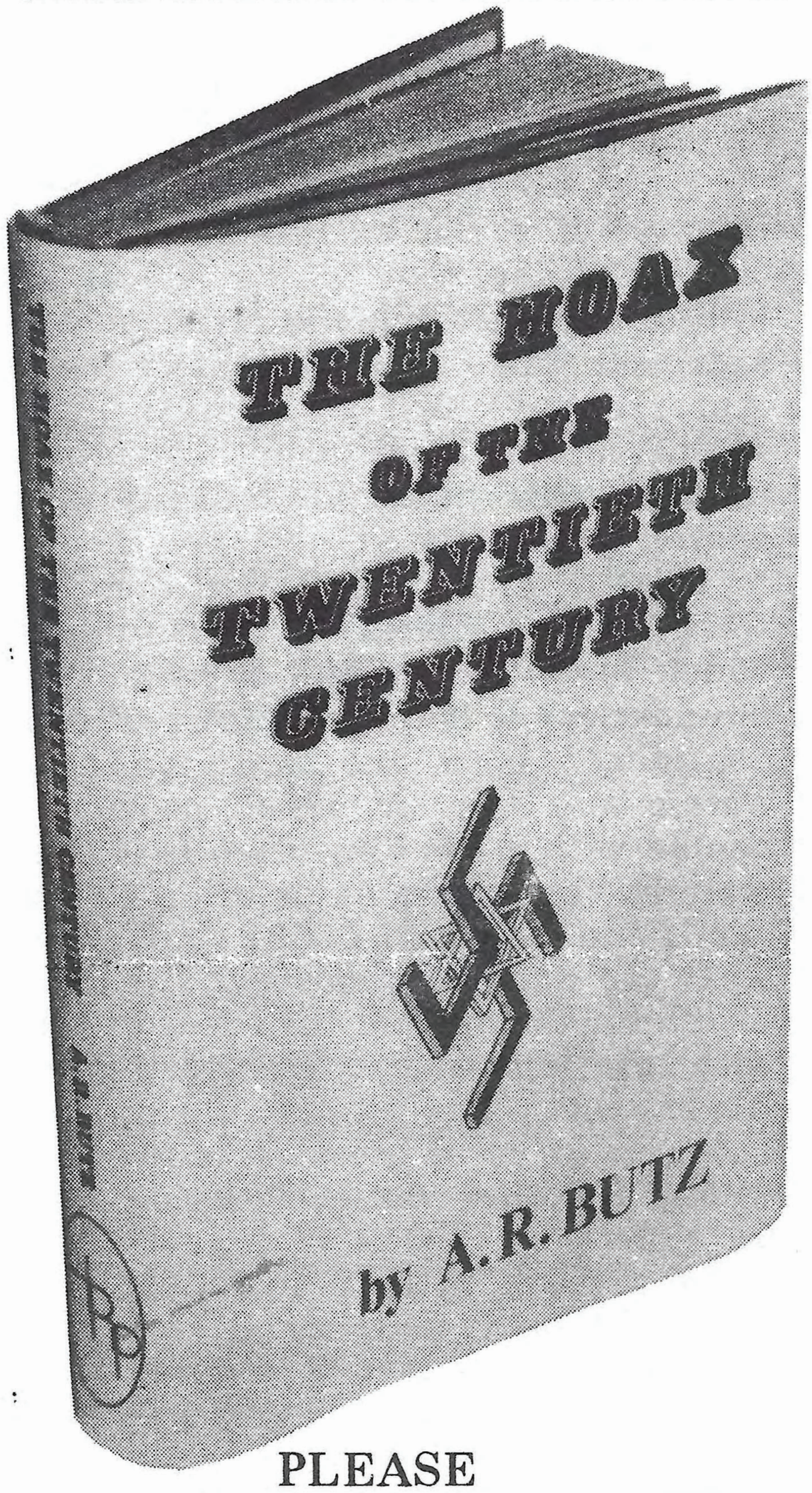
The Nation is one's people. The Nation is one's Race. It is long past time that White Americans understood that Their Race is Their Nation. It is not a country or a piece of land which can command loyalty, but a belief in a people and its leaders. It is not a flag which lives on forever, but the deeds, the valor of the people who raised the flag. It is not a map which determines the Nation. It is the hearts, the souls and the will of a people that charts the course of events that form nations. Our Race is Our Nation. Our loyalty is to Our Race and to Our God above all else.

I watch and wonder at the slop that I read in many of the White American journals and publications. They plead with us to obey the laws and to honor the leaders, all in the name of patriotism. Yet, if traitors are in power, loyalty to such government is treason of the worst sort. If aliens command your children to worship the Golden Calf, are you to instruct your children to obey these demonic priests of Molech, Baal and Mammon? If the flag waves over a mongrelized land, then it ceases to be the flag which our forefathers raised over Our People. Will you pay homage to that which debases you? Is that not the nature of the cur, the cringing hound which licks the boots of the one who just kicked it? Can you tell me that "supporting your local police" is axiomatic when these Zionist enforcers swing their clubs down upon your head when you try to protect your children from nigger molestation in our public schools? Can you stand there and bleat your loyalty to the

government which has betrayed you consistently for the past century or so? This is not patriotism, but masochism. Love of the whip and worship of the whipper is not Nationhood, least of all is it Manhood!

Our Race is Our Nation. I am a brother to every Englishman, Scot, Irishman, Frenchman, Italian, German, Norwegian, Swede, Hungarian, Croat, Serb, Greek, Czech, Pole, Dane, Spaniard, Ukrainian, White Russian and any other White person who exists. These are my compatriots. These are my fellow-citizens. They are my nation, for it was of them that I was born. It is to them that I belong. Speak not to me of those Whites for whom Race has no value or purpose. Such humanoids are not Whites, but Oreo cookies turned inside out. They wear our skins but are black as sin within. The White Americans who prate about their loyalty to a country whose government despises the White Race are not my fellow-citizens. I owe them nothing but hatred and contempt. They have betrayed the God of Our Race for their personal profit, paychecks and pensions. Our Nation can have no mongrels in it. It has no geographical limitations and is not even confined to this planet. Our Nation has no Jews in leadership positions, for these are our enemies and the sworn enemies of Our God. Our Nation has no Black soldiers. Only our own stand guard. Our Nation does not wallow in the squalid pleasures of the mud-people but teaches its children to aspire to the stars. Our Nation does not sever its roots of tradition and culture simply to appease the aliens within our midst. Our Nation is Our Race and our most immediate mission must be to dominate our own living-space, to wrest control of our lives from our racial enemies.

The boundaries of Our Nation are not defined by map co-ordinates, but by our common bloodlines. It is a nation which requires obedience to Aryan laws and truths, as old as time and as young as spring. Our Nation's allegiance can never be to the mongrelized laws and institutions which defile our living-space. Our loyalty is to Our Race, first, last and always. That is Our Nation. There is no other.



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ACTION REPORT

CANADIANS EXPOSE HATERS

"What did your Daddy do in Vietnam?" asked the interviewer of a little boy.

"Oh, Daddy flew a big bomber and killed lots of Germans!"

Whose little boy was this? He could be anybody's, even yours, according to the panel of Canadian experts who recently discussed the topic of hate propaganda during a half-hour presentation on CBC-TV which was broadcast coast-to-coast and reached approximately 20 to 30 million viewers in Canada and the United States.

Canada, as some White Americans may know, has a "hate law" in terms of the Genocide Treaty which bans the dissemination of "hatred" against any identifiable group of persons. So far, the Jews, who were foremost in promoting this law, have been able to silence factual reporting of Jewish religious doctrines and Jewish nationalism and parasitism. Unjust criticism of White people, however, has been allowed until now, although the dumb goyim may be stirring from their slumber and may now wish the "hate law" to apply equally, to Jews and other non-Whites. At least we may hope so!

About one hundred or so disgusting examples of anti-German propaganda, chiefly from so-called 'comic' books — another Jew media monopoly — were displayed during the program: Scenes of scar-faced, sadistically-leering 'Nazis' mouthing such menacing propaganda platitudes as "Ve haff vays..." "Achtung! Ve are running oudt of gas!"

Did some archeologist unearth a dump of World War II propaganda No, these are current issues of 'comic' books originating in the United States. But who wants to keep World War II hatreds alive in people's minds? You guessed it, the Jews!

The three Jews on the panel — a 'comic' book publisher, an artist and a writer — put on a good representation of the three monkeys who hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil. They defended the kosher version of the truth against three goyim — a psychologist, the head of the Canadian Legion (the Canadian war veterans' counterpart of the American Legion) and Christof Friedrich, author, artist and Aryan intellectual.

The psychologist slammed the Jew hate 'comics' as poisoning young minds. The head of the Canadian Legion condemned the victimization of innocent Germans and Christof Friedrich, one of the victims, expressed his usually cogent and constructive criticisms of kosher hypocrisy and arrogant hate-mongering.

The Jews were at their oily best and whined that their "war stories" were merely intended to be "anti-Nazi", not "anti-German". Showing filmed interviews of youngsters contradicted the talmudic truth-twisters, however, because they indicated that the effect of the Jew 'comics' was to equate Nazis with Germans in the minds of children.

"Roots" warns us that the smear campaign may not be limited for much longer to our long-suffering German kinsmen. It's your turn next, Whitey!

SAN FRANCISCO: A BURNING PHOENIX

White Power Report is still awaiting the complete story on the destruction of San Francisco's Rudolf Hess Bookshop by talmudic thugs and we should have the facts in for the next issue. The story behind the story which we have all read in the jewspapers promises to be interesting and instructive, with many good lessons for all of us.

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WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT!

What the WHITE POWER MOVEMENT stands for:

Because we represent those members of the White Race who live on the American Continent, we enclose our ancient racial emblem, the Holy Swastika, in a five-pointed star which represents our country and because we are Americans, we proclaim our patriotism with the colors red, white and blue.

The Swastika proclaims to all that we are Bio-patriots, not Geo-patriots, because we fight for our people and not for a piece of real estate. We do not defend our land, but the right of our people to live on it. Without the White Race, we have no future and the land no value. The Swastika is not a German symbol. It has been the White Man's Symbol from the dawn of time, proudly displayed by the Vikings, the Aryan conquerors of India, Alexander the Great and American presidential candidates. The White Man's Sign belongs no more to the 'Nazis' of Hollywood than does the Cross of the Christian belong to the telephone companies.

The Swastika is our talisman against cowards, weaklings and do-nothings. It is also proof against our racial enemies, whatever their guise. Indeed, it is our secret weapon.

WE OF THE WHITE POWER MOVEMENT DO SOLEMNLY PLEDGE:

(1) To provide the White Majority with a party which represents their interests and not the hidden hand of Zion of which the Democrats and Republicans are merely two fingers.

(2) To unmask the evil face of welfare state socialism and to cast this pestilence from our midst so that we may live in a healthy society.

(3) To unify the White tribes of America, Europe and the world.

(4) To halt our racial retreat from Victory.

(5) To remove the alien exploiters and parasites from our midst.

(6) To break the irresponsible tyranny of organized crime, bloated bureaucracy, big business, big labor and secret societies.

(7) To regain national control of our money from the Zionist bankers of the Federal Reserve.

(8) To re-establish White Law and White Order in a White Society and thereby, to return Our Nation to the path of progress.

(9) To rid our society of crime and degeneracy.

(10) To create a White Society in which our racial virtues of honesty, integrity and responsibility shall be promoted instead of punished.

(11) To protect the family, which is the basis of our society and of Our Race.

(12) To ensure that honest labor and not sterile speculation is rewarded.

(13) To separate the Races into self-governing Nationstates

(14) To provide healthy and productive activities of which our youth can be proud.

(15) To remove alien control from White Culture, which is the source of our spiritual nourishment and from the professions on which we depend in our hour of need.

WITH WHITE POWER
WE SHALL CREATE A GREAT FUTURE.
WITHOUT WHITE POWER
THERE IS NO FUTURE.

JOIN US AND MAKE THE FUTURE GREAT!

It's up to YOU, WHITE AMERICANS

TO TAKE YOUR COUNTRY BACK!

WHITE POWER

THE ONLY WAY

The Hills of Hamburg

by Robert Kvinnesland

Fire-bomb wrought scattered stones hear cellar-shrieking sound,
Burnt I-beams crumbled rooftop plants which concrete dust has crowned,
Azure-eyed, the fair-haired youth amid the rubble found,
Each level-dozed charred element in city limit mound.

Allied Force earthscrapers swept still-smoking city ground,
Sown ruin man-made hills soon reaped outside the Saxon town.
Corpse, debris, metallic frame, from flak a Skyhawk downed,
Comprise the now moss-covered hills that rebuilt Stadt surround.

Arose from regions Russian-raped, gnawed clean by Khazar hound,
The Phoenix from the ashes flew, by reparation bound.
Soared to economic heights that mortal soul astound,
Disarmed Nietzschean nation by material renowned.

But echoed breezing lightless nights give forth strange chilling sound,
Ears strain upon the tilting heads with furrowed faces frowned.
The grave hills' voices share lament with black-haunched baying hound,
Beneath the hills of Hamburg they are crying from the ground.

The outward healed hero land bears silently the sound,
With candle flicker trace of son in nations that surround.
Not mind nor heart the past forget, though modern lies abound,
Beneath the hills of Hamburg they are crying from the ground.

E'er foreign stand the hearts but those Germanic soils bound,
And swallow ceaseless slander that the innocents impound.
While envy's vengeful troops still march our sacred birthland's ground,
Beneath the hills I hear our people crying from that ground.